



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

ENVYINGS

I

When I am warmly bathed,
And rubbed a rosy-red,
Cold-creamed to sleek and sweet,
Brushed, braided, gone to bed;
With soft sheets, cool,
And soft warm wool,
Gentle and kind like fur,
I wish that I could purr!
It seems a gracious thing to do—
Expressive, exquisite "Thank you"—
Thrilling the body through and through!

II

As one grows old,
And understands much folly,
Especially the joke of being wise;
And all things are revealed
In humorous melancholy,
To seeing and discerning eyes:
There is desire to flap the wings
 And toot
A cynical and mocking, bleak
 "Hoot! Hoot!"

Katherine Wisner McCluskey

III

I wish that I could murmur in my throat
With a rich, gurgling, deep-contented note,
 Like the pigeon-coo!
That yodling, colorful tune,
Of burnished tone, warmer than words can say,
 Might tell the way
 I feel when loved by you!

A HEAT WAVE

All day a great sun stared,
 Obsessed with heat and light!
Thought panted for shelter
 On to the dark of night;
But when the sun went down,
 Soaked in the lukewarm sea,
I turned and saw a white-hot moon,
 Pallid, peering at me!—
And my soul cried aloud,
 Mad for some privacy!
 Katherine Wisner McCluskey